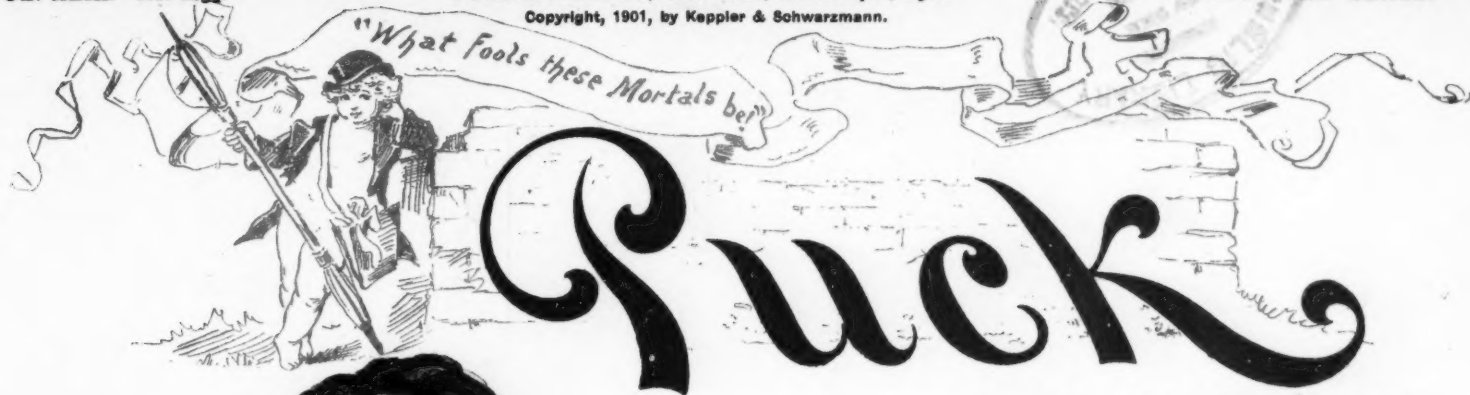


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IN RE SAMPSON VS. MORGAN.

"Don't you think, Sonny, that your 'five o'clock tea' rule might shut out some good men?"



A BALLADE OF MARCH WINDS.



AN EMBRYO riding each gust
Of March is a hundred diseases.
Willy-nilly you're out for the dust;
The Public at large coughs and sneezes.
Your neighbor's asthmatic—he wheezes—
Go South? How he wishes he *could*!
But the doctor collecting fat fees is—
It's an ill wind blows nobody good!

A corner! (Well, laugh if you must!)
My derby's the sport of the breezes!
Till rescued by one (I mistrust)
Who a stranger to four-o'clock teas is.
Sore his need of a biscuit and cheese is,
That look can't be misunderstood—
And I think, as his guerdon he seizes,
It's an ill wind blows nobody good!

The poet is sadly nonplussed,
No flower on his favorite leas is;
His Muse, never very robust,
Collapses when March round her knees is.
He longs for new leaves on the trees,*
He longs for new wings in the wood;
He can't sing of Spring while he freezes!
It's an ill wind blows nobody good!

Adele's on my arm (which she squeezes),
Charmant in her Saxony hood.
She may snuggle as close as she pleases—
It's an ill wind blows nobody good!

Edward W. Burnard.

* By special license.



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AN EPICURE.

THE CATFISH.—I'm fond of worms, thank you, but I prefer the boneless variety.

THE PRESS.

Having now resolved to take her own life, the woman called for pen, ink and paper, that she might write her last will and testament.

"But," we urged, gently, "you have no property!"

"Ah, truly!" rejoined the woman. "But ought I not to anticipate controversy, by writing it definitely down whether it was the *Journal's* or the *World's* suicide?"

Now, this was a matter concerning which we did not feel qualified to speak, since we were from the provinces.



IN LUZON.

FIRST INSURGENT.—And was the last battle a triumph for the Filipino arms?

SECOND INSURGENT.—No; it was a triumph for the Filipino legs!

AN APPROPRIATE TITLE.

FARMER STACKPOLE.—I see that some of the newspapers are claimin' that the name, *The Commoner*, of William Jennin's Bryan's paper, is absurd.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Yes; that's what makes it so appropriate.

ALSO THERE.

Dick Croker's in the public eye
A cinder in the socket;
But where he causes most the pain
Is in the public pocket.

SEVERAL HITS.

FIRST VAUDEVILLE MANAGER.—Mrs. Nation would make a sensation if she'd go on the stage.

SECOND VAUDEVILLE MANAGER.—Yes, indeed! Would n't she make a hit in "Ten Nights in a Bar-room?"



PUCKOGRAPHS.—XCVI.

A WELL-KNOWN PRESS-AGENT OF VICE.

AN OBSTACLE.

"So, De Wet's brother is urging him to make peace?"
"Yes; but he has become so addicted to the trap habit!"

A QUALIFIED VERDICT.

"Not guilty!" said the foreman; then he sought his head to scratch it;—"It was not proved, Your Honor, that the prisoner had a hatchet; But we'd recommend you order, that, when entering any place Where they've mirrors or reflective glass, the prisoner veil her face." Said the foreman of the jury in the Carrie Nation case.

A MONARCH, at this late day, may be an anachronism, but, unfortunately, a political boss is not.

THE BOERS may possibly be able to obtain foreign assistance by demonstrating that they don't need it.



A LESSON FOR AN AMATEUR.

HE.—A fine mess of fish!
HIS WIFE.—Yes, indeed! It shows what can be done by an angler who does not spend all his time at the bottle!

NOMENCLATURE.

As the animals passed, Adam called them each by name, until there came the Ichthyosaurus.

"Your face is familiar, but your name escapes me!" quoth our common parent, here-upon.

Of course, there is much in this to suggest that Adam had not the ready command of Latin which was essential to the proper discharge of his responsibilities.

A BASIS.

ISAACS.—Der resources of dis gountry are simblly tremenchus!

COHENSTEIN.—Yes; undt choost t'ink of der liapilities ve could pile up on der gredit of dem resources!

WORDS ARE vehicles for thought; but vehicles, of course, are often empty.

WOMAN AT golf shows conclusively that driving a wooden Indian to drink and driving a gutta-percha ball anywhere in particular are two different things.

THE WAY OF GOLD.

"But, even supposing you might take your gold with you to heaven," I argued, "what could you do with it there?"

"Oh! I'd make way with it!" replied the man of affairs, with easy assurance.

"But how?" persisted I.

"Well, I might take a paving contract, you know!" said he.

ACTIVITY.

FIRST TRAMP.—De dog chased you, did he?

SECOND TRAMP.—You bet! For a few minutes I had to lead a purty strenuous life!

DVER.—Been robbed, eh? Have you notified the police?

DUELL.—Yes. I expect to hear any moment that they have arrested the wrong man.

THE OCTOPUS of commerce, like the octopus of the sea, when attacked, hides in a cloud of ink; but it remained for the octopus of commerce to discover the superior efficiency of printer's ink, in this connection.



TAKING A LIBERTY.

KERRIGAN.—We're thinking av naming him Garge Washington.
CASEY.—Have yez got Kelly's permission? That 's th' name av his goat!

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THE SENSATIONAL DRAMA.

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"IT SEEMS as if nothing really happens till the sensational drama comes to town, with its special scenery, its hair-breadth escapes, its rush and rumble and dull, sickenin' thuds; and its smoke, fire, and melted stones called lava," said the loquacious old janitor of the village theatre.

"Other plays interest or instruct us, or teach us useful moral lessons; but the sensational drama jolts us up and rattles us around and bathes us in laughter and tears and chokes us with sobs and powder smoke, and knocks us down and runs over us cross-ways, and then comes back and runs over us in the opposite direction, and makes our blood stand right up on end, and curdles the very hair in our veins.

"Other kinds of dramas have prologues and long passages prognosticatin' what we may expect next and explainin' why it is goin' to be done, workin' slowly and logically along towards the focus, which by the time it is reached we've all anticipated and prepared our minds for, something similar to takin' a course of medicine. But the sensational drama is different; it just jams surprises into a gatlin'-gun and shoots 'em into us in one grand, continuous *rippity-rip-rip*. There is always something doin'; the heroine don't fade languishin'ly away and die of a broken heart — she ain't got time. She is so busy the whole while in spurnin' the villain and disguisin' herself as bootblacks and bein' locked in deserted shanties and choppin' her way out and being flung on railroad tracks and yanked off again and doin' songs and dances that she ain't scarcely got time enough to attend to her household duties, let alone indulgin' in long explanations and lingerin' deaths.



"The minor members of the cast are kept just as busy; they die and come to life in a double, don different whiskers and new-shaped noses and grab right hold again, die and double, and so on, till some of 'em seem to be endowed with as many lives as a cat and as much capacity for doublin' as a human snake. If one of 'em accidentally has three minutes to spare he whirls in and does a specialty. Even the Professor at the piano holds up his 'end along with the rest; when he ain't mashin' out accompaniments for songs or favorin' us with overtures he is tiddle-dee-deein' pathetic incidental music or zum-zum-

kerzummin' the draggin' footsteps of the tramp across the stage. Them people ain't a bit stingy; they generously give us all they've got in stock. And — act? Why, from the first time the curtain rises till the last time it falls there ain't nothing but actin' all the while. There ain't any long-winded prefaces; they just shoot first and explain afterwards. You don't care what is goin' to come next; there is always something of importance on hand right now.

"Everything fetches its own reason right along with it. When the curtain flies up and reveals a lunch-counter with a plump little curly-headed soubrette and a big fat Dutchman with a vocabulary on him that measures almost eight feet around the waistband, you don't have to be told why the play begins in that locality, or why he is fat and she is little and plump. Her short skirts explain the latter; and when the Professor saws off a few bars and the Dutchman steps out and begins to wobble about hearin' the cuckoo sadly callin' far up in the ruins so 'gray ee-lay-ee-hee, oh-ee-lay-ee-hoo, and the plump little curly-head stands just in front of his toes, where he can't see her b'cuz he is so fat, and sings 'hoot-toot!' to his lay-ee-hoos, like this: 'Oh-ee-lay-ee-hoo — hoot-toot!' and he looks all around and can't find her, why, you see how it is, even if the Dutchman don't. No explanations are necessary.

"And when the train rolls up, and the passengers swarm into the lunch-room and begin to grab everything in sight, and turn into a gang of jugglers and sling biscuits and ketchup bottles and platters back and forth till the atmosphere is full of the necessities of life, and the Dutchman has a fit, and a sympathetic passenger squirts a bottle of apologetic water all over him and everybody else, and the plump little girl suddenly discovers that the cash register is a musical instrument and begins to play a rag-time convulsion and sing about some goo-goo eyes, and one feller gets choked and his best friend beats him on the back and compels him to cough up a telescopic red-white-and-blue barber-pole fourteen feet long, you get it through you right away that nothing of the kind could have happened anywhere else — it would n't have been permitted. When the passengers all rush out you see it's to give the handsome but dissi-

pated President of the Railroad's son a chance to step in and announce that he loves the heroine, but her affections seem to be centered on the gallant young conductor of the lightning express, and you understand that he goes out right away to give the said conductor opportunity to come in with his nickel-plated lantern and nice blue uniform and do a baritone solo and inform us that he adores the maiden with all the strength of an honest man's arm, and the soubrette to inform him that she believes the young President's son is dabblin' in some vile plot, and the Dutchman to add that if there is goin' to be any trouble in that vicinity he will be in it himself, aber-nit!

"Then, the express pulls out, to make room, as you clearly see, for the through freight, and when it whizzes by the tramp busts open the door of a refrigerator car and comes tumblin' over and over into the lunch-room, to spring up and dramatically announce that while he has traveled this land oar and oar he never came in in that manner before. We all detect that he falls out of a box-car b'cuz that's all a tramp could consistently fall out of under the circumstances, and he tumbles into the lunch-room for two reasons: one is b'cuz the lunch-room could n't tumble into him, and the other is that it would n't look right for him to tumble into the Railroad President's private office, bein' as that is in the next act. He comes early b'cuz it's necessary for him to be there in time to be hired to commit various villainies, which at the critical moment he refuses to indulge in, for the good and sufficient reason that many an honest heart beats beneath a ragged coat. Right on top of that he does a song and dance to give the Dutchman a chance to get out and make a change of costume for his next double. Then he lights a cigarette-stub to prove that conventionality has no strings on him, and pokes the blazin' match into his vest-pocket to show that it is lined with tin. Then he and the soubrette do a song and dance to let us know that they don't hold any grudge against each other.

"Well, so it goes forward, the villain basely declarin' that if he can't win the heroine he will do the next best thing and remove her from his path, and accordin'ly sends for a Hebrew to help him, b'cuz, as everybody knows, a Jew on the stage will do most anything for money; and the Jew tries to pizen the hero with drugged wine, in order to give the hero an opportunity to change glasses with him and hurry away leavin' the Israelite hoist on his own petard and dead to the world; that's so the tramp can sneak in, change clothes with the Hebrew, incidently pausin' to give him a shampoo with the contents of the pizened wine bottle, and then depart clad in the Jew's new plug-hat and checkered ulster; that's to enable the Jew to be mistaken for the tramp a little later and ketch a good, sound beatin'.



"Everything grows red-hot and everybody goes right after it with a big auger. The midnight express is mentioned and a super begins to whack on a crowbar and scratch sandpaper, the villain grabs the heroine and flings her on the track, the hero strikes him down and yanks her off'm the quiverin' rails, and the Jew springs forward to prevent the rescue, just in time to stumble onto the track and have his head cut off by the express, which smashes by with the tramp

cocked up on the back draw-head of the last car triumphantly gnawin' the hind leg of a roast turkey. Then the villain gets the hot hooks flung into him from every direction; everybody joins in a rollickin' chorus, and down goes the curtain amid thunders of applause.

"That's the way the sensational drama goes; a place for everything and everything in its place, a perfectly clear reason for all that happens

PUCK.

and no explanations necessary, everything speakin' for itself, all fittin' together as neatly as the various pieces in one of these 'ere wonderful table-tops that certain phenomenally-patient people are forever makin' out of 17,296 bits of different kinds of wood; tragedy, comedy, and entertainin' specialties, laughter, tears and acrobatic work, all deftly mixed and mingled, leavened with music, spiced with powder smoke and lit up with red fire.

"That 's why we like it so much — it always gives us our money's worth, full measure, heaped up, and runnin over into the saucer, and sends us home feelin' that it has indeed been good to be there."

Tom P. Morgan.



IN DIALECT.

Having broken her brassie, she flared
Out. The caddies were dreadfully scared
And started to run,
Seeing what she had done.
But all that she said was, "Hoot, Laird!"

THRIVE ON IT.

UNCLE JOSH.—Mean to tell me that when I sit in a draft an' git cold, that cold is caused by microbes?

UNCLE SILAS.—Of course! It's caused by microbes that like to sit in a draft.

IN EDEN.

EVE.—Just think! I'll be two weeks old to-morrow!
ADAM.—Well, my dear, you don't look it!

WELL, HARDLY.

MRS. OUTOWNE.—
Mrs. Subbubs read an extremely interesting paper at our club this afternoon.

MR. OUTOWNE.—
What was its title?

MRS. OUTOWNE.—
"Can Cooks be Domesticated?"

AN EARLY CASE.

"Then," said the man whose memory was being refreshed, "I believe Noah became intoxicated?"

"Yes," said the other party; "it was one of the first recorded instances of ice-less skates."

ALL SHE ASKED.

MR. NEWROCKS.—But, my dear, I don't know the first thing about bric-à-brac!

MRS. NEWROCKS.—I'm not finding fault with you for that, but surely you might pretend that you do!

THE TROUBLE WITH THE ATTRACTIONS.

FRIEND.—You need some new attractions.

VARIETY SHOW MAN.—That's a fact! Some of those we have now are simply driving people away.



OMINOUS.

THE TURKEY.—I have an awful foreboding of evil. They say that when a colored person exposes his teeth like that, it's a very bad sign!



THE EXPLANATION.

MISS DEMUIR.—May does n't care for horseback riding.

HUNTLEY.—No? Then why on earth does n't she give it up?

MISS DEMUIR.—Oh! She rides too gracefully to think of such a thing!

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THE RETREAT.



ISTEH SNAKE en Misteh Frog
Doan' see no snowy dome;
Dey dess bury in de bog
Undehneaf de loam.
Chilly weddeh
Dey 's wahm togeddeh —
In deh basement home.

Misteh Cricket, Misteh Bug,
Guess yo' hab gon' down;
Undehneaf de mossy rug
Guess yo' cud be foun'.
Hit 's wet en muddy,
But yu 's cuddy
San'wiched 'twixt de groun'.

Misteh Bee en Misteh Fly,
Dey shut up som'whaih;
Kase dey know dey bofe wud die
Sailin' in de aih.
De fly en hummeh
Dream ob Summeh —
En nebbeh hab a cahe.

Misteh Snake en Misteh Frog,
Bug en cricket, too;
Fly en bee ob honey log.
Ah wish det Ah was yu.
Dess sleepin'! sleepin'!
While de Winteh days am creepin' —
Nuffin' else to do!

Victor A. Hermann.

THE LIMIT.

FIRST ARCTIC EXPLORER (*coming down*).—I've been hunting for the Pole for the last eighteen months.

SECOND ARCTIC EXPLORER (*going up*).—How far did you get?

FIRST ARCTIC EXPLORER.—As far's my last dog!

WHAT HE COULD DO.

FRIEND.—Kin you really lift two hundred an' fifty pounds?

THE WONDER.—Well, I kin lick any man that says I can't.

AN EXPLANATION.

UNCLE JOSH.—An' what does "subtle" mean?

UNCLE SILAS.—Oh! That's when you can't tell what the darned thing means!

DOUBLE-EDGED RELISH.

"When a clerk gives me too much change I always call his attention to it."

"What for?"

"I like to see him look shocked at his own carelessness and my honesty."

AN EXPERIENCED VICTIM.

"Come and sit down, Jimmy, and Grandma 'll read to you about 'Bees and Their Ways.'"

"Oh, no, Gra'ma! Jes' read to me about bees; I know all about their ways."

EXPERIENCE is a teacher that insists on compulsory education.

THERE IS a marked difference between music and some piano-playing.

TO THE man who profits by his mistakes experience pays handsome dividends.

FROM THE POLKVILLE (ARK.) "BAZOO."

We take this early opportunity to correct an embarrassing error which crept into the last issue of this paper, in the form of a statement that many of the farmers out in Pogwash township were suffering from hog-cholera. The paragraph caused considerable adverse comment, and we have already been licked three times on account of it; so, now, we ask all whom it may concern to please read "hogs" in the place of "farmers," in that particular item.



SHE DREW THE LINE.

GRANDMA (*impatiently*).—Dear me! Such preparation for a Lenten service!

MISS HIGHCHURCH.—Well, Grandma, I believe in mortification, but I don't want to feel mortified about my appearance!

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CHINA'S PORTIA. WHEN OUR Chinese friends find time to think it over they will probably thank their gods for seeing to it that the United States was one of the nations with an interest in their trouble. The policy of our Government, as set forth by Secretary Hay six months ago, was conspicuously humane and enlightened, and there can be no doubt that our adherence to it has, in a quiet and unofficial way, materially humanized the policies of the other Powers. Things have been bad enough, to be sure; but they might easily have been much worse; and they undoubtedly would have been but for the knowledge that we proposed to see China have a decent measure of fair play. With the substitution of Mr. Rockhill for Mr. Conger—whose narrow escape from boiling had naturally left him in a somewhat undiplomatic frame of mind—the continuance of this pacificatory attitude may be relied upon. It is to be hoped that the withdrawal of all but a legation guard of our troops will shortly be imitated by the other Powers; and that a final settlement of the whole wretched business may be reached without any more suicide-parties.

GAMBLING REFORM NEEDED. PUCK HAS tried again and again to show the voters of this town how Police blackmail really comes out of their own pockets. Take this matter of gambling. Among the appliances seized in recent raids many were found to be "crooked." The excuse for this unprofessional conduct offered by the gambling-house keepers is the increasingly large sums demanded by the Police. In days when the Police authorities were a decent set of men, satisfied with a fair monthly payment of blackmail by the gamblers, no such thing as a "crooked" game was ever known in the better class of resorts, the kind patronized by city officials and men of standing in the community. But under the present administration, it appears, the Police and those who direct them have been taking so much of the gross earnings that these unfair devices had to be used in order that the gamblers could secure a living return on their very large investments. Of course this is not a desirable state of affairs. It creates uncertainty. Also it blunts the finer sensibilities. One of the late raids netted our President of the Board of Public Improvements, it being disclosed that he had haunted these places for months in the hope of recovering a wayward relative. Yet this Tammany official, this assumed expert in public improvements, continued his search day after day among games that were not "on the level." In the old days any good Tammany man could tell a "brace" faro-game or a "crooked" roulette wheel on sight. Mr. Holahan did not divulge how much he lost in the search for his missing relative, but it is plain that he never could have won him back playing these "crooked" games. When it is understood by the voter that the moment the Police take more than a legitimate amount of blackmail he ceases to get a fair game, we shall have reform in this matter. Until then, for any chance he has of winning, a man might as well take his chips down to the "brace" games in Wall Street and bet them on Federal Beef or St. Paul Watered or Whiskey Preferred. This thing of municipal Reform has got to be taken hold of in a practical way if gambling houses are to be run honestly.

SOME LAWS. THE EFFORT to make life worth living by legislation continues to display the human mind in one of its most fascinating aspects. The Texas Legislature, for example, has just had to deal with a bill providing "that it shall be justifiable for a man to kill any one who slanders his wife or female relatives." We take this to mean that Civilization is doing as well as could be expected in Texas. Homicide may not be less prevalent, but the effort to legalize it shows a dawning deference to outside opinion. Equally commendable and more ingeniously subtle is the bill introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature by Representative Young, providing that "after January 1st, 1904, railway companies shall equip their trains with devices that will keep them on the track after derailment." Mr. Young has perceived a crying need in this age of travel, and it will be seen that the time he thought it wise to allow for the perfection of this device—three years—was not too short. A bill

which fails to win our support, however, is being considered by the Illinois Legislature. In effect it constitutes an effort to eliminate poetry from the life of woman. Superficially it aims merely to censor advertisements. It not only provides penalties for falsely representing goods to be damaged by fire or water, but for "representing goods to be of greater value or worth than the selling price at which the same are offered." This clearly strikes at what, in modern days, has become woman's dearest privilege: which is to believe that she never, never buys anything that is not "of a greater value or worth than the selling price at which the same is offered." We trust the introducer of this measure may be thwarted in his fell purpose.

MRS. NATION AT REST. THE INTERESTING and active Mrs. Nation of Kansas is understood to have projected her crusade in behalf of her present husband. Having lost a previous husband by drink, she planned to insure the permanent sobriety of this one by extinguishing all the saloons within a day's journey of him. There is a simple and primitive directness about her methods that has appealed strongly to us, and it is not without regret that we learn of her present restraint. For one thing, the arteries of Kansas simply have to be depleted every once in a while, and this was one of the onces: if it had not been Mrs. Nation it would have had to be some one else; and Mrs. Nation appears to have supplied a maximum of excitement with a minimum of real damage. Most of the whiskey sold in Kansas saloons ought to be spilled, the only decent whiskey there being sold at the drug-stores. Gentlemen never enter the kind of place "smashed" by Mrs. Nation. They go into a nice clean drug-store and shake dice to see which shall have typhoid fever and get his prescription filled. We trust the Court may consider these things in determining the fate of the Nation lady, and suspend sentence. We also hope Mrs. Nation will now be relieved of all anxiety concerning the sobriety of the present Mr. Nation. If he has not already taken to drink he is indubitably safe from it.

IN CHINA.

FIRST STATESMAN.—But we have deprecated the Boxer outrages.
SECOND STATESMAN.—Yes; and we have intimated our willingness to continue to deprecate them to any reasonable extent; but deprecation does n't seem to cut much ice.

IN LONDON.

"There's another rumor of De Wet's capture."
"W-What has he captured?"

IF OOM PAUL would definitely subside, the British lion could more conveniently lie down with the Chinese lamb.



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OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

JASON GREEN (whose horse has balked).—Dash the gol darned cantankerous imp of Satan, anyway! 'Thar's nothin' so provokin' as a balky horse.

DEACON WAYBACK.—But, brother Green, think of the joy you'll experience when you succeed in tradin' him.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

TOO MANY SHY

PUCK (to UNCLE SAM). — That poor fellow needs a Po

PUCK.



ANY SHYLOCKS.

ellow needs a Portia. Why don't you take the part?

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HOW IT LOOKED.

MRS. ISAACS.—Der Cohensteins must haff lods off money! Dot daughter, Repecca, haff a new six garat tiamont ring!
 MRS. ABRAMS.—Ach! But dot vas an encagement ring from young Goldgrabber.
 MRS. ISAACS.—Ach! Unt she so homely! Der Cohensteins must haff more money as I t'ought!

STOCK EXCHANGE NEWS.

WALL STREET BUREAU OF "PUCK,"
 Friday, 3 P. M.

Bears had a field-day in industrials, the bulls having had a hard time to save some of their preferred holdings from slaughter. Red Light Crime Protection Guarantee & Trust dropped several points, but rallied toward the close upon receipt of reassuring cables from London. American Nobility Promotion Deferred was steady, the dealing being confined mostly to Futures.

Self-esteem Common was buoyant. Bryan Motor Power Futures reacted from the former bull market, and 1904 bonds were at a discount. Rubberneck Yellow Journal was flurried on rumors of advances in the price of red ink and shoddy paper. Nation Saloon Smashing Coöperative remained firm, but Neely Preferred lost ten points in futures, as did Croker Collection & Trust.

Russell Sage Anti-Trust was not dealt in. Common stock of the Tax Assessment & Swearing Off Co. continued active.

Among the newly listed stocks were: Lonesomehurst Suburban Home Rapid Transit Co.; Historical Novel and Dramatic Co.; Gamblers' Trust Co.; Belgian Hare Extinction Co.; Theatrical Claquers' Society; Amalgamated Crap-Shooting Co.; and the Corbett & McCoy Exhibition Co.

The Roosevelt Consolidated Game Syndicate is the title of a new enterprise now being incorporated. It will have a capital of \$1,000,000,000, with power to issue bonds to any amount. The object of the venture is to dispose of the skins of mountain lions killed during the Western hunting trip of the distinguished gentleman for whom it is named. It is claimed that the output will keep all the tanning plants in the country busy for several years to come.

J. D. Byrne.

APPLY DESCRIBED.

TOURIST (in Kansas, stopping in front of wrecked saloon).—Hello! Explosion or cyclone?
 NATIVE.—Mixed—with petticoats on!

AFTER THE DIVISION.

RANKLING.—The Chinese are sure to get the worst of it in the end.
 WISE.—Well, they ought to consider themselves dead-lucky to get any part of it.

HER CHOICE.

THE BRIDE.—Five cents? We kin git flowers for nothin' at home.

THE GROOM.—Oh. That's nothin', Maria! I 'm willin' to buy 'em,—unless you'd rather spend the money for soda-water.

ASPHYXIATED.

FIRST LADY MOTH.—I understand your husband met a terrible death.

SECOND LADY MOTH.—Perfectly awful! He and fifty others were at work near the bottom of a pocket in a sealskin coat when two camphor-balls fell right in their midst.

AND THE OTHER POWERS WOULD N'T OPPOSE IT.

HIRAM HAYRIK.—I tell you, Anglo Saxon domination would purty near bring the Millennium ter this here world! I can say right now that I'm fer a closer union between this country and England.

SILAS SODTOP.—Well, the Expansionists seem ter be in the majority. The door is open. England can come in whenever she wants to.

PROTECTION.

"What is protection?" asked the guileless maid,
 "That politicians talk and rave about?
 They say it is the very soul of trade.
 Can you explain, sir?" with a tempting pout.

"There are two kinds, according to the text:
 Words for fair peace, and arms for war!" he cried;
 "Yet, which to show you doth me much perplex."
 "You are a soldier, sir," she softly sighed.
 Thos. H. Wilson.



A JIBE.

BRONCO BILL (of Frozen Dog).—We've got a Baptist minister here now!
 GRIZZLY PETE (of Last Gasp).—That so? What does he do for a living?

ALL ELIGIBLE.

TITHERINGTON.—And if the person is bald, then you are unable to tell his future?

FORTUNE TELLER.—Oh, no! I take a lock of his whiskers; — there never was a whiskerless baldheaded man.

DOMESTIC MNEMONICS.

NEWLYBLESSED.—Let's see, when was it that Lambertson was here?

MRS. NEWLYBLESSED.—Well, let me think. It was the fourth of January. He came here the day Nora left, and she left the day after Mother went home, and Mother went home three days after the baby cut his second tooth, and he did that the last day of December.

THE ESSENTIAL R.

The Oyster observed with profound concern that linguistic evolution tended markedly toward the elimination of the letter R.

"I can see my finish!" quoth he, sadly.

CHRISTIANITY is widely regarded as an excellent thing to practice when convenient.

THE TROUBLE we bring on ourselves is not a bit more welcome than that which we receive from outside sources.

AN IMPORTANT ONE.

"Thompson has made a discovery."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He says that he has discovered that the more buttons there are on a woman's coat the greater the probability that it really fastens with hooks and eyes."

CONTRADICTED.

"Here's a scientist who says that we think with one-half of our brain."

"Well, I could show him some people who don't."



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IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD.

THE HORSE.—Dear me! What a very uncomfortable person to have on one's back!

AN OPEN FIELD.

MRS. WILKINS.—How these patent medicines are curin' prominent people, lately! — congressmen, mayors, governors, and such.

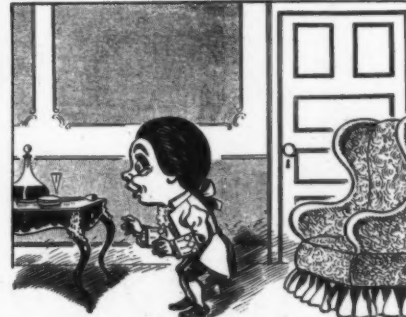
WILKINS.—Yep; every paper's full of it. D'ye know, I believe a feller could make a fortune if he'd go at it and compound a medicine to cure the common people.

THE SISTER WHO TOLD TALES;
AND HOW HER PUNISHED BROTHER GOT BACK AT HER.

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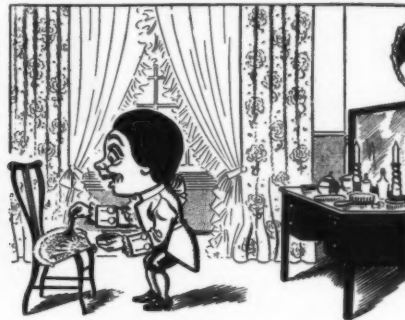
THE BROTHER.—Boo hoo-hoo! Oh! But I'll get even with Sue for telling tales on me!



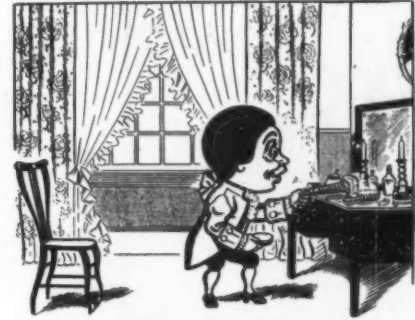
"Now, let me see! What can I do? Ah! Here is Grandpop's box of snuff. That is a munition of war, anyhow."



"Ha! Here is her fan! That macaroni she is trying to hook will be here this evening. I see my plan now!"



"I'll just open the fan wide and sprinkle a goodly amount of the snuff upon it."



"Then close it up carefully and place it where I found it. She probably won't open it until she starts that coquette act when that feller comes."



THE SISTER.—Yes, Perkins, tell Mr. Van Lace I will be down in a moment. (Aside.) Goodness me! I look stunning! Van Lace will propose to-night, I am certain! Ah! My fan. Now I am ready for conquest.



MR. VAN LACE.—Ah! Miss Judith, thou lookest like an angel this evening!
THE SISTER (aside).—I knew it! I knew it! I will be his in a half-hour.



(Fanning vigorously).—"Oh, dear me! It is awfully warm, isn't it?"



MR. VAN LACE.—Ker-ch-h-o-o-o-o-o!
THE SISTER.—F-r-s-h-o-o-o-o-o!



MR. VAN LACE (beating a retreat).—Kerchoo! — a — kerchoo! — beastly! — kerchoo! — abominable! — kerchoo! — scurvy! — kerchoo! — trick! — kerchoo!



THE FATHER.—What meaneth this unseemly racket?
THE SISTER.—Oh! Oh! Oh! Grandpop must have dropped some snuff around, and when I started to fan I stirred it up. Oh! Oh! Oh! — ker-ch-o-o-o-o! And he was my last chance, too!

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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superior.

From the Brooklyn Standard Union.

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"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows
not, is a fool." Avoid him.

"He who knows not, and knows that he knows not,
is simple. Teach him.

"He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is
asleep. Wake him.

"But he who knows and knows that he knows, is a
wise man. Follow him." From the Arabian Proverbs.

"He who travels by the New York Central knows
that he rides over smooth and level tracks, in luxuri-
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example and you will be happy." An American Proverb.

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The lady of the house looked at the unpretentious bird, and coldly sniffed.

"Yes," she said; "it looks to me exactly like one of those turkeys that you have to carve with a hatchet."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE devil never misses the church business meeting.—*Ram's Horn.*

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UNCLE GRIMM.—Mrs. Soggy is the queerest old lady of my acquaintance.

NEPHEW.—How so?

UNCLE GRIMM.—Why, although she weighs two hundred and ten pounds and has a wart on her chin, she never boasts about what a terrible flirt she was when a girl!—*Harper's Bazar.*



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AN APPROPRIATE COURSE.

BRADY.—'T wud be too bad to let the Sivententh av Mar-eh die out.

BURKE.—'T wud so; but if it did, bedad! we'd give it an illigant wake!

THE trouble is when a man admits that he is a crank, he always qualifies it by saying he is, glad of it.—*Washington Democrat.*

To-rebuild-wasted tissue and fortify the system against the sudden changes of fall and winter, doctors recommend *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters.*

Hartford Tires

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OVER-ANXIOUS.

HE.—Who knows but when I come back from the Philippines you may be engaged to some other man?

SHE.—Nonsense! As if you were coming back without sending me word!—*Harper's Bazar.*

MRS. CARRIE NATION, who celebrated her release from jail by wrecking two more saloons at Wichita, Kansas, thinks she is inspired by God. But judging from reports, she must be inspired by the evil "spirit."—*Norristown Herald.*

SOME people do not laugh at a theatre till the actors begin to fall down and smash up the furniture.—*Wash. Democrat.*

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"Riches do not bring happiness," said Mr. Cumrox.

"That's very true," answered the earnest man. "But the unrest and annoyances of this world can be very considerably aggravated by poverty. You must admit that."—*Washington Star.*

AFTER a girl has prepared refreshments for a party, her next step is to hide them from her brother.—*Albion Globe.*

THE pains of colic are not to be confounded with penitence for apple-cooning.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE friends of the opposition candidate are always "heelers."—*Washington Post.*

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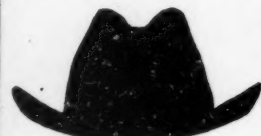
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FRIEND.—Why do you dump all that dirt into your soap-kettles?
SOAP MANUFACTURER.—If folks don't find the water dirty after washin',
they think the soap is no good.—*New York Weekly.*

AFTER a practical experience with both politicians and horses, Mr. Whitney
prefers to be known as the leading horseman of the country.—*Washington Post.*



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AN ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME.

TOMMY.—I'm goin' to keep him up dere a couple of hours an' lick him
when he comes down.

REGINALD.—You are? Oh! I wish Mama would let me wait!

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of success by inaugurating a new policy in at-
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after two annual premiums have been paid, one
hundred and twenty days' extension will be
granted. All ordinary policies, except Term
and Intermediate policies and Child's Endow-
ments, now contain annual cash surrender
values, after two years on Endowments and
three years on Life policies. Surrender values
are now the same on participating as on non-
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given the benefit of changing the beneficiary
upon his own request at any time. Instalment

privileges will be granted at the expiration of
the policy which will furnish a yearly income
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a trust fund privilege, thus affording secure in-
vestment for the beneficiary if desired. The army
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of an extra premium in time of military service,
has also been eliminated, and no extra premium
is being charged on the lives of women. It is
such acts as these which make its policy-holders
feel that the Prudential is always looking after
their interests and furnishing them absolute life
insurance protection under the most liberal con-
ditions possible. The Prudential was very
successful last year, writing over \$249,000,000
of new business, but from the liberal policies
which it is issuing this year, it is apparent that
the Prudential is not a Company whose officers
are content to rest on laurels already won.

President Dryden recently said to his thou-
sands of Agents in the field, "The Prudential
can find no standard of comparison and com-
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his men intend making 1901 the best year in the
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than are those men and women who ride for HEALTH and PLEASURE on smooth-running wheels of proven worth, for comfort and safety's sake. Standard Ramblers cost \$40, 20-lb. RACER, and RAMBLER BEVEL-GEAR CHAINLESS a little more—worth much more

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CHICAGO

"WHAT is memory, Pat?"
"Sure, it's something a man forgets with when he owes you money." —
Yonkers Statesman.

WHEN a woman wishes she had someone to love, she means that she wants someone to worry over. —
Atchison Globe.


1901

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HIS OPINION.

THE BELLE.—May be you'd rather have a comic song?
THE BEAU.—Oh, no! The sentimental songs are a great deal funnier when some people sing them!